THE DAYSPRING.

"THE DAYSPRING FROM ON HIGH HATH VISITED US."

OLD SERIES, VOL. XXXIV.
NEW SERIES, VOL. I., NO. 10.

OCTOBER, 1882.

Entered as second-class mail matter.

PUTTING THEM TO BED.

ONE, two, three, four, five, six, seven dolls. What a lot for three girls to have! Yes, it seems a great many, but we are sure there are hundreds of families in which there have been as many as seven dolls in the course of the last three or four years, and in which there would be as many as that now had they not been destroyed through the carelessness of their owners. These dolls, which look so pretty and clean, are not just from the toy-shop. The three that you see in one bed were given to the three girls three years ago last Christmas. The two that you see in the other bed were given to Jennie more than two years ago. One was a Christmas present from her Aunt Sarah, who lives in Maine, and the other a birthday present from her Cousin Dora, who lives in Ohio. She calls them mother and child, and you see how much they look like it. The little doll Julia is holding was given her last Christmas, and the larger one little Josie is holding was given her on her last birthday. It is because these little girls are neat and orderly, and take good care of their dolls, that they have so many. If they left them on the floor to get stepped on, and under the trees for the dogs to tear to pieces, and the rain to spoil, they would not have seven at one time, any more than some other girls.

What pleasure these dolls give their little owners! They can dress and undress them. They can take them to walk, and take them to ride. They can talk to them and talk about them. They can tend them until they are tired of it, and then put them to bed.

What nice things dolls are! They never cry, nor fret, nor scold, nor get angry, nor refuse to go to bed. We wish all this could be said of those who play with dolls, and hope they will behave so that it can be said of them.

For The Dayspring.

A WITTY GOOD MAN.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

NO doubt some of the readers of the "Dayspring" have heard of the Rev. Sydney Smith. Possibly others have not. If I tell you a little you may feel inclined to read more about this celebrated man, and the times in which he lived. You know that Shakspeare calls the world a stage, and the men and women players. Many remarkable persons were actors on this great world-stage at the time that Sydney Smith played his kindly and sparkling rôle. Napoleon was making the kings of Europe tremble on their thrones. Lord Byron was acting the part of the splendid, but undisciplined and unhappy poet. Madame de Stael was writing her famous books. Sir Walter Scott, the "Wizard of the North," was weaving his spells about his countrymen in the three kingdoms, and even bewitching sober Puritans across the sea. While Sydney Smith was on the stage, our own Dickens (for do we not all claim him?) made his memorable entrance. This is the way Mr. Smith writes to him in reply to an invitation to dinner, —

"MY DEAR DICKENS,— I accept your invitation conditionally. If I am invited by any man of greater genius than yourself, I will repudiate you and dine with the more splendid phenomenon of the two."

This letter was written in 1842, when Dickens was a young man, and Sydney Smith was over seventy years old.

Have you heard of the "Edinburgh Review," and of the terrible Jeffrey, its editor? What an ogre was Jeffrey! He devoured young authors, and left not so much as a finger-nail for a souvenir to their sorrowful friends. Terrible was the devastation among the writers of that time; and some of the fighting was not very fair, I fear. You will be glad to know that poets and novelists and essayists, who were cut all to pieces by the terrible "Review," sometimes survived the mutilation, and became famous afterwards. The people accepted and cherished what the critics said was good for nothing.

The Rev. Sydney Smith was one of the founders of the "Edinburgh Review," and was a very intimate friend of its editor. Mr. Smith was the idol of a great circle of friends, both in Edinburgh and London. No literary gathering was complete without him; and the greatest of the leaders of fashion left no means untried to win him to their dinners and receptions. He was as deeply loved for his goodness, as he was widely admired for his wit. That is to say, he was genuine as he was brilliant. He was a poor man nearly all his life, and was obliged to think a good many times about the best way to spend his pounds, shillings, and pence.

He was the rector of a little country church through all the best of his days, and devoted his splendid powers to the consolation of his few poor parishioners; to the happiness of his wife and children; to his garden and his domestic animals.

His daughter says of him: "With him poverty took its most pleasing form, — it was the poverty of a man of sense who respected himself. The comfort and happiness of home he considered the 'grammar of life.' Nothing could be plainer than his table; yet his society often attracted the wealthy to share his single dish."

Again she says: "He was very fond of children. He encouraged their ceaseless questions. He loved to discuss with us, met us as his equals; and I look back with wonder at his patient refutation of our crude and foolish opinions."

Mr. Smith spared no pains to make himself useful in his parish. He studied medicine, and ministered to bodies as well as souls. He was inventor, philosopher, physician, and friend. He found out remedies for smoking chimneys; taught the poor how to cultivate their land; how to furnish their tables with the cheapest and most healthful diet. It was Sydney Smith who invented the Universal Scratcher, — "a sharp-edged pole, resting on a high and a low post, adapted to every height, from a horse to a lamb."

Here is a specimen of his fun at home. The children had a beloved donkey called Bitty. One day they had crowned him with flowers, and bridled him with a pocket-handkerchief, and were running about the garden, when Mr. Jeffrey, the great "Edinburgh Review" editor, arrived. Finding Mr. Smith out, he mounted the donkey, to the immense delight of the young folks.

"He was proceeding in triumph," says the daughter, "amid our shouts of laughter, when my father suddenly came upon the scene, and with extended hands broke forth in the following impromptu: —

"Witty as Horatius Flaccus,
As great a Jacobin as Gracchus;
Short, though not as fat as Bacchus,
Riding on a little jackass!"

I will close this little sketch by quoting a letter from Mr. Smith to his grandchild. The little one had sent to her famous grandpapa a letter "overweight," and this was the reply: —

"Oh, you little wretch! your letter cost me fourpence. I will pull all the plums out of your puddings; I will undress your dolls, and steal their under-petticoats; you shall have no currant jelly to your rice; I will kiss you till you cannot see out of your eyes; when nobody else whips you I will do so; I will fill you so full of sugar-plums that they shall run out of your nose and ears; lastly, your frocks shall be so short that they shall not come below your knees.

"Your loving grandfather,

"SYDNEY SMITH."

For The Dayspring.

A THOUGHTLESS KICK.

BY CARLE LIEMER.

ONE day in June a poor Italian with his organ entered the yard of a large old house where some children were playing. He was tired and hungry, and understood very little English; so he played a tune, and then, putting his finger in his mouth, said, "Hungry, me hungry."

"Give us another turn then, and perhaps you will get some bread-and-butter," exclaimed Harry Nelson, as he flung a stone into the air with all the strength of his nine years.

"I'll get you somefin' now," said little Alice; and she ran into the kitchen. Her little heart was always ready to sympathize with the suffering, and she soon returned with the cook, who carried a plate of dinner.

The man's dark eyes brightened. He had not seen so much good food for a long time, and he obeyed Alice's invitation to sit down on the stone step to enjoy it.

Harry watched him awhile, and then betook himself to the gate, where he climbed to the top of one of the posts.

Presently two children stopped just below him. The elder, a girl of his own age, lifted the younger, a little fellow of about three, to look through the bars at the beautiful flowers and fountain beyond. "See, Tommy," she said, "isn't it beautiful in there? And there's a music man!"

"Boutiful fowers," whispered the child. "Tommy lonts one,—just one leetle bit of one, Susie," he pleaded.

"What are you doing there?" called out Harry. "Get off!"

The girl looked up at the handsome but rude boy, and asked, "Can't Tommy hear the music? We won't go in, only stand here."

"No, he can't; that is private just now; and if you don't want me to spit on you, you had better move on."

"Why, Hally Nelson, you ought to be asamed of yousef!" exclaimed Alice, who had run down the yard to see who her brother was talking to. "You pomised mamma, before you went to school, to speak kindly to eveybody all the whole day frou; and you did n't."

Harry had promised his mother in the morning, and thought then it would be very easy to do so simple a thing; but this was not the first time he had failed. He was angry now, because his mamma would not let him play in the street; so he sat sulkily on the gate-post, kicking his heel against the arch, while his little sister opened it, and taking Tommy's hand said, "Come in, little boy; you sall hear the mousic," and she led the children up the yard to where the Italian was beginning to play again.

Little Tommy planted himself in front of the organ, and stood spellbound; his dark eyes growing larger and brighter as in rapt attention he listened to tune after tune. Finally, when the man shouldered his organ and left, the child gazed after him, and then, heaving a deep sigh, turned just as Harry called from the swing, "Get out of the way, small urchin, or I'll kick you!"

Though Harry was in a bad temper, he only intended to touch the child with his foot and frighten him; but he came nearer than he thought, and Tommy fell, hitting his head on the stone step and on the scraper.

In an instant Harry was out of the swing, screaming, "Mamma, mamma! have I killed him?" while Mrs. Nelson sprang from the veranda, caught the child from his sister's arms, and held his head under the spray of the fountain. Harry followed, and saw the little white face as she wiped off the water and pushed back the curls. In a few moments the child opened his eyes, and looking round, murmured, "Pitty fowers; Tommy loves fowers," and then the color began once more to tinge his cheeks.

"He shall have just as many as he wants," said Mrs. Nelson, as the curly head fell upon her shoulder.

"O mamma, I'm so glad he is not killed!" said Harry.

"Yes, my son, you have reason to be very grateful to your Heavenly Father that you are spared such a deed. Now you may go to your room, undress, and go to bed, and think over the day's failures until I come."

It was only five o'clock when Harry left the garden, and for two long hours he lay on the bed thinking and tossing. Once a servant entered, bringing a tray containing bread and water for his supper; but his mamma came at last, and, sitting down by the bedside, told him how sinful it was to let anger gain the mastery as he had done that day, and how cowardly to vent it on one so much smaller than himself. "Never let any sin *remain* in your heart five minutes," she said, "for it may lead to something dreadful. But you must seek Divine help, my boy. It is not as easy to guide yourself through one day unaided as you thought this morning, Harry, is it?"

"No, mamma," sobbed the boy.

Then Mrs. Nelson kneeled at the bedside, and, with Harry beside her, offered an earnest prayer,—a prayer her son never forgot.

A few days after, Tommy was taken sick. He was the son of poor parents living near, and Mr. Nelson's physician, who was sent to attend him, said he had brain fever, caused almost entirely by the fall. Poor Harry was overwhelmed with remorse, and one afternoon he accompanied his mother and sister in their

daily visit to the little sufferer, and was surprised to find him so changed. The little fellow had grown thin and pale, and lay moaning, with his eyes closed and all his beautiful curls cut off. His mother stood at the foot of the crib with her face hidden in her handkerchief, and Susie clinging to her, while his father softly paced the floor. The room was very quiet for some time, and then Mrs. Nelson's low, clear tones broke the stillness.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God," she said, and even as she spoke the moaning ceased, and little Tommy was gone to his Saviour.

"Another angel added to the heavenly band," said Mrs. Nelson, with tears, as she laid her hand gently on Mrs. Stovel's shoulder. "Your boy has gone to the bosom of Him who took little ones in His arms and blessed them."

A deep groan escaped from the father, while the mother dropped into a chair, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Mamma, mamma! did I kill Tommy?" screamed Harry, trembling with excitement. "O Mr. Stovel, will you forgive me for what I did?"

"Yes, my boy," said Mr. Stovel, aroused to see Harry's trouble, "we forgive you. You did not mean to hurt Tommy, but let this be a lesson for all your life. Boys are apt to kick each other in a slight flush of anger, never dreaming how it may end. And, Harry, always deal gently with the little ones."

"I will, I will!" sobbed the boy.

It was a long time before Harry fully recovered from the effects of these ten days' sad experience, and in the future, when the temptation came to speak or act unkindly, his thoughts went back to the little pale face and golden curls as they looked when his mother wiped away the water that day in the garden.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

A POOR lame boy was walking along one of the muddy streets of the city, trying to find a suitable place to cross. Heavy rains had fallen, and the street was unusually deep with mud and water.

While waiting to cross, another lad saw him, and cried out, —

"Stop! stop! I'll carry you over."

In a moment he gently took the little cripple in his arms and carried him over to the opposite side of the street. In doing it he got wet and muddy; but he did not mind that, for he felt amply repaid by the *inward reward* which his heart gave him. The little lame boy smiled gratefully and thanked him kindly, but the pleasure of doing a kind act paid him better. Doing good to others brings its own reward, which the selfishness of the world cannot appreciate. — *Selected.*

THAT which *can grow* is never insignificant.

To be Learned by Heart.

EACH CAN DO SOMETHING.

WHAT if the little rain should say,
"So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh those thirsty fields;
I 'll tarry in the sky."

What if the shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its single light alone
Cannot create a day.

Does not each rain-drop help to form
The cool, refreshing shower?
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?

Then let each child its influence give,
O Lord! to truth and thee;
So shall its power by all be felt,
However small it be.

Selected.

TIMELY ADVICE.

WHEN once the arrow is shot away,
No earthly power can bid it stay;
When once the torrent roars deep and wide,
The cottage is 'whelmed in the foaming tide.
'T is thus with the words that people speak:
Like flood or like arrows, forth they break.
Shut the gate of thy lips, if thou art wise,
When anger begins in thy heart to rise.

Golden Harp.

PATIENCE.

WE are all weak and all are strong:
Patience righteth every wrong,
All good things the will must task,
All achievement patience ask;
Chiefly with each other's weakness
Need we patience, love, and meekness.
Who taketh ill another's ill
Beareth two loads up the hill.

J. V. B., in Unity.

A SCRIPTURAL SUM.

ADD to your faith, virtue,
And to virtue, knowledge,
And to knowledge, temperance,
And to temperance, patience,
And to patience, godliness,
And to godliness, brotherly-kindness,
And to brotherly-kindness, charity.

THE ANSWER.

For if these things be in you and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ.

2 *Peter*, i. 5–8.

A SAD PARTING.

THIS is a very different picture from others in this month's "Dayspring." They are joyful, but this is sad. Here you do not see girls playing with their dolls, or boys playing that they are soldiers, but children too full of grief to play at all.

What can the matter be? We see nothing in the room to make them so sad, and when we look through the window we see only a man leading a horse. The whole story is told when we tell you that it is the old family horse that the man is leading away, and that he is going to be killed. He has served the family faithfully many a year. The children have often rode behind him and fed and caressed him. He has seemed to them like one of the family. They have loved him and he has loved them. He has been a good old horse, but has grown too old to be of further service or to enjoy life, and the best thing to do is to send him away to be killed. Now you know why Mary is looking out the window with so sorrowful a face, and why Fannie and little Willie are crying as if their hearts would break.

Who can help shedding a tear of sympathy with these children? and who can help feeling glad at the same time, that their hearts are so tender, and their love for dumb animals so strong? It is a good thing for children to love and care for animals. It helps not only to amuse them, but to quicken their sympathies and unfold many of their powers. He who loves a horse or a dog is the better for it, and he who needlessly injures the meanest thing that crawls is the worse for it.

For The Dayspring.

EVA AND HER SCHOOLMATES.

CONCLUDED.

BY A. E. A.

"SO we are to have a vacation next week, because Miss Thornton's sister is to be married, and she must go home to the wedding," said Nannie Cooper. "And May-day comes next week; I wonder what anybody is going to do that day."

"I know what I am going to do," answered Eva Denham. "May-day is my birthday, you know, and mamma says I may ask some of my young friends, and have a little party. And we are to have supper by ourselves, with the pretty china tea-set Aunt Evelina gave me last year, and the little silver spoons to match, that you gave me at Christmas. I shall ask my cousins, Belle and Fanny Merrick, and you, of course, Nannie; and Cora Fletcher, and that new scholar, Carrie Heywood. I think she is a real nice girl, only so shy, and it will be a good way to get more acquainted. That makes five; and Rosa Turner, and — I think — Milly Parker."

"Milly Parker! Why, Eva, how can you? She has scarcely spoken civilly to you this month, and she never speaks kindly of you. Why only to-day I heard her say, 'She did not see what any one found to like in Eva Denham, little tow-haired, freckled thing.'"

Eva laughed good-humoredly. "I'm glad she did n't say anything worse, Nannie. I can't help my light hair nor my freckles, and certainly she can't find any fault with *your* looks," surveying her pretty companion with great satisfaction.

Nannie was no more vain of her beauty than the flowers are of theirs. "You are ever so much better looking than she is, and you are my dear, darling Eva," she answered, with a warm embrace and many kisses; for they had just reached Eva's door. "But why do you want to ask her, when she is so cross?"

"I don't believe she is really cross, Nannie. I think she feels uncomfortable and troubled, and may be she fancies I am vexed with her about the map. And if I can show her that I feel kindly to her, perhaps she will be pleasanter herself. Milly isn't a bad girl; she always obeys the rules, and learns her lessons well, and you know how kind she is to little Julia. Mamma says the best way to make people like us is to like them; and that the liking on both sides will grow, if we treat each other kindly. So I'll ask Milly; and you'll be good, Nannie," coaxingly, "and not say anything to tease her?"

"If she comes, — but she won't. She'll find some excuse, I dare say, and I'm sure I'm willing she should. I'll call for you to-morrow morning."

Eva gave her invitations the next day, and all accepted gladly except Milly, who received hers rather

ungraciously, and "did n't know about it." Before the end of the week, Milly was absent, and little Julia said she was sick, though she hoped to be well in a day or two. But the evening before Eva's birthday, Julia came to say that Milly would not be well enough to attend the party, but hoped they would have a pleasant time. And they did; for all were disposed to be kind and obliging, and Helen, Eva's older sister, had a remarkable talent for amusing and interesting young people. Aunt Evelina, who knew of the intended party, sent her little namesake, for a birthday gift, eight beautiful bouquets, one of which each of the guests took home with her.

"You have two left, Eva," said Helen. "Will you give me one of them?"

"Yes, you may have mine. That other would have been Milly's, and I mean to carry it to her to-morrow. May I, mamma? Milly loves flowers."

When Eva went the next day to Mrs. Parker's house, Laura, Milly's sister, came to the door. "I'm sorry I cannot ask you to go up and see Milly," she said, when Eva told her errand, "but she was very restless and feverish all night, and fell asleep only about an hour ago. Come again, will you not? What lovely flowers! Milly will thank you very much for them." So, a few days after, Eva went again, and saw her schoolmate, who was much better, but pale and weak. She seemed very glad to see Eva, thanked her for the flowers, which still looked bright, and asked with interest about the party. Mrs. Denham had cautioned her little daughter not to make too long a stay, but Milly, when she left, asked her to come again, saying, "You are the only one of my class that has been to see me, except Rosa Turner; she was here yesterday, but I was tired then, and could not talk much, and I suppose she will not come again."

Eva promised willingly. Milly, quiet and subdued, was much more agreeable than the sharp-spoken, fault-finding Millicent of the schoolroom; and when she went again, to carry a new book, one of her birthday gifts, which Milly thought she might like to read, she tried to coax Nannie Cooper to go with her. But Nannie, though very fond of Eva, and generally willing to please her in any way, showed no disposition to comply.

"Why, what is the use, Eva?" she said. "Millicent does not like me, and I don't like her, and I know we are far better apart. No! I'll lend her any of my books, and I'll ask mother for some flowers, if you like; but I do not wish to see her."

So Eva was obliged to go alone, taking with her a glass of nice jelly, which Mrs. Cooper added to the flowers Nannie had asked for, and resolving to invite Nannie again the next time. Millicent was making rapid progress to recovery now, but had not left her room; and she welcomed Eva very heartily. "O, how kind you are!" she said. "Why, where did you get those hot-house flowers?"

"Nannie sent them to you; and Mrs. Cooper sent the jelly. I went there first."

"Nannie would not come with you, I suppose," said Milly, with a half smile. "O, you need n't color so, Eva; I know Nannie hates me."

"Indeed she does not," answered Eva earnestly. "Nannie is too loving and generous and kind-hearted to hate any one. I don't think," she added, with a little hesitation, "that Nannie likes you so well as she does some of the girls; but —"

"O, never mind it, Eva. What do I care? I don't dislike Nannie, I'm sure; who could? She is the prettiest girl in our school; — 'the most beautiful child she ever saw,' I heard a lady visitor say, — and she never is cross one bit, not even when she says the sauciest and most provoking things. And usually, she only answers; she doesn't *begin* a fuss. But I don't want her to come here, unless she likes. Yes, I *should* like to have her come once. What is the matter now, Eva?"

For Eva's eyes, which had been unconsciously straying about the room, had seen things not quite in accordance with the order and neatness to which she was trained at home. Milly's chamber was a pleasant one, with windows to the south and east; the furniture was suitable and good, and she had all she needed; but somehow the room did not look comfortable to her young visitor. Milly was quick-witted enough, and she almost immediately added, "O, I see; we don't look very nice here, do we? But Laura has gone away to spend the day, and mother has been too busy to come and set things to rights, even if she thought of it, and I did not feel like making the exertion myself. Never mind it."

"But I could do it for you, Milly; may I? If you only tell me where the things belong. I'll pile up these books nicely, and set the cups and plates on the waiter on the entry table." And suiting the action to the word, with a little help and direction from Milly, Eva's busy little hands soon transformed the whole appearance of the room.

"Why, what a capital little nurse and waiting-maid you are, Eva!" said Milly, as Eva hung up the dusting-cloth, after shaking it out of the window. "And how nice you have made everything look! Who ever taught you?"

"Mamma, of course. She teaches me everything I know. She says, where there are so many in a family, we must all try to keep things nice, or we cannot be comfortable at all. And when Helen was sick last year, two or three weeks, mamma gave me the care of the chamber, and showed me how to make things look right. She said sick people could often get well more quickly and easily if the surroundings were pleasant."

"Your mother must be very good and wise," remarked Milly thoughtfully. "My mother is good too, and kind to me; but she does n't think of all such little things. Eva, do you remember one time when Nannie had a bad cold, and I went with you to inquire

about her? How bright and pleasant the room looked, and how tender of Nannie they all seemed to be! And Nannie herself looked so sweet and happy, lying on the couch, with her mother's arm around her. Don't you remember it? I have thought a good many times, that if I had a home like Nannie's, may be I should be pleasanter myself." And, actually, tears stood in Milly's eyes.

"Nannie's father is rich, you know," began Eva, but Millicent interrupted her.

"O, I did not mean that. You are no richer than we are, but it is just the same at your home. I think it must be the lovingness, the trying to please others, that makes it seem so happy. There is not much of that here. We look out for ourselves, and get along as we can; and sometimes, — pretty often, — there are disputes and quarrels; and when I have been uncomfortable at home I suppose I am more inclined to be cross at school. And now tell me, has n't school begun yet?"

"No; Miss Thornton has been sick herself; but she is well now, and school will begin next week. But Milly, don't you think, if you tried to be kind to your brothers and sisters, they would to you? Mamma says it is the *little* things that make the difference in homes; and that if we learn to give up readily to others in little things, it will be easier in great things. Why, just think! there are eight of us children; how could we ever get along, if we were cross to each other?"

As Millicent looked at Eva's earnest face, the blue eyes lighted up with the loving spirit her words tried to describe, she quite forgot that she had ever laughed at the "tow hair and freckles." She drew Eva to her and kissed her, saying, "You are a dear little thing, Eva; I don't wonder Nannie loves you."

Eva stayed as long as she thought her mother would approve, and when she put on her hat to go, Millicent said, "I want you to come here Sunday, and bring Nannie. Tell her I want very much to see her."

When this message was delivered, Nannie at first demurred. She guessed she would n't: she did n't believe Milly cared much about it. "But that is not kind, my child," said Mrs. Cooper. "If your schoolmate says she wishes to see you, go to her. I cannot have my Nannie selfish; I shall think we have petted her too much, if she is." Nannie looked up in her mother's face with the sweet, loving expression which, even more than her beauty, made her attractive; put up her rosy mouth for a kiss, and said, "I'll go, Eva; we can go directly from Sunday-school."

But though Nannie had promised, she was not very desirous to go, and was just a little disappointed that nothing happened to prevent it. However, she said nothing to Eva about her unwillingness, but accompanied her very cheerfully; and when they went into Millicent's room, and Nannie saw her classmate's pale, thin face, she forgot her dislike and reluctance, and exclaimed, "I did not know you had been *so* sick, Milly! I'm real sorry."

"But I am almost well now, Nannie," answered Milly, smiling. "I go down stairs every day, and rode out yesterday; and mother says, if I continue to gain, I can go to school in a week or ten days; and I can learn the lessons at home, while I don't go. And, Nannie, tell your mother I thank her very much for the jelly and flowers."

"We might have brought you some more, if we had not come right from the church," said Nannie.

"O, I shall not need any more; I can eat anything now. How bright you look, Nannie! just like a rosebud."

"Do I? and what does Eva look like?"

"Eva? I don't know; O yes, that blue flower she brought me the other day; periwinkle, I think she called it. I thought then it looked like her, so modest and unpretending. And now I'll tell you what I wanted you to come here for, to-day. I never was sick before, and I've had plenty of time to think, lately, and I want to tell you something. You remember last March, about that map?"

Eva's cheek flushed, and Nannie sat up very straight, both wondering that Milly should be willing to mention the matter; but she went on. "It was my fault, as you said, Nannie, that Eva's map was injured, but really, I was not quite so bad as you thought. I wanted very much to gain the prize, because father promised to give me a dollar if I did; and I wished for a book the dollar would buy. I don't often have money of my own. I never thought of doing anything to Eva's map; but when I saw Julia standing there with her ink, I could not help thinking, what if she should spill it? and though I did touch her arm as I moved away, I did not more than half mean to do it. I was sorry afterward, but I was ashamed to tell Miss Thornton, and have the other girls know. And now, Eva, I want you to take this globe; you ought to have had it at first."

"O, I can't, Milly!" exclaimed Eva. "I really do not care about it; and, besides, Miss Thornton said she could hardly decide between the maps. Let us say no more about it, but forget it all; that will be the best way."

"But I should feel so much better if you would take it, Eva," persisted Milly. "I have been uncomfortable ever since; and you never seemed to be cross about it, but treated me just the same as ever. And now, since I have been sick, you have done everything you could for me, and it makes me *so* ashamed. Won't you take it, just to show that you forgive me?"

Eva shook her head. "No, Milly; I am sure mamma would not think it best, and I would rather you should have it. As to the forgiving, I forgave you long ago; and you never need think about it again, need she, Nannie?"

Nannie had sat perfectly still and silent, listening to the conversation; but when she saw Milly's eyes fill with tears, as Eva kissed her, she started to her feet. "I think I am the one to forgive," she said, "for I was angry with you, and Eva was n't; but I do believe you are sorry, Milly, and I like you better than I ever did before. And we 'll do as Eva says, forget all about it, and be friends," she added, taking the hand Millicent held out to her.

"I shall not forget it," replied Milly. "I don't think I wish to forget how good Eva has been. But I will try to be more kind and pleasant myself, and may be the globe will help me to remember. And Nannie, will you try to like me a little?"

"If you behave well," answered Nannie, with a mischievous sparkle in her eyes. "But if you tease my Eva, I will not like you one bit better than I did before. She is a good girl as ever was, and she shall not be teased."

"Well, I am not going to tease her, Nannie, and I'm glad you love her so well," said Milly. "I wish any one loved me half as much."

"Perhaps some one will, when you are half as good," retorted Nannie; but she said it so playfully that Millicent took no offence, and only laughed. The girls parted from each other with mutual good wishes, and Nannie, when she reached home, gave her mother an account of what had passed, ending with "I do believe Eva is the best girl in the world, mother."

"Why don't you say, 'She is just splendid,' Nannie? That is your style of expression," remarked one of her sisters, patting her cheek, as she passed her.

"Well, so she is, Lina, only that is n't Sunday talk, you know; and I wish I was just like her."

"O, I don't," answered Lina. "Eva is a nice little girl, but I would rather keep my pet Nannie as she is."

"I think, dear," said Mrs. Cooper, as Nannie nestled close to her, "that Eva has been successfully practising the direction of Paul, 'Overcome evil with good.' I hope you will do so, too, if ever you have the opportunity." Nannie smiled and shook her head, thinking in her heart that she should not be as patient and forbearing as Eva had been.

As to Eva herself, she felt very happy when she went home and related what Milly had said; and Mrs. Denham answered, "I am very glad, my child; glad for you and Milly both. You will feel much happier, now that all unpleasant feeling is gone."

"And it is just as you said, mamma. I like Milly much better than I thought I ever should. It *is* best to be always kind, is n't it?"

THE best line of conduct a man can adopt is that which gains him the esteem of others without depriving him of his own.

Parents' Column.

EDUCATE your children to give. To give freely, generously, in proportion to their means. To give at some sacrifice to themselves. To give not impulsively merely, but from *principle*, as a religious duty. To give not only money but time, convenience, labor, thought, to help forward good objects, and to *seek out* such objects, not waiting till they are presented, thrust at them, urged upon them. Let them be taught that they have duties in the world, and among those duties is that of trying to make the world better for their living in it; and while neither we nor they should be narrow or exclusive in the bestowal of our benefactions, let us give first and most generously to those objects in which we have, or should have, the greatest faith, — our own denominational interests. — *Selected.*

NOT a few of the misunderstandings and quarrels that imbitter families against each other, and even destroy the peace of neighborhoods, are the result of matters of but little consequence. An unneighborly deed, an intentional or fancied slight, a single impertinent word or act, a refusal to grant a small favor, &c., &c., — these, and many like them, have been like sparks dropped on a fuse that, sooner or later, have produced an explosion. First there was a little smouldering resentment that, as time went on, broke out into the fizz and splutter of wordy invectives; then manifestations of growing intensity, and at last a rush, as it were, into flame, and an explosion that startled the community. Human nature is very powderish. No one has any business to be throwing sparks around that may reach that powder magazine. "See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise." — *Sunday-School Times.*

IF a boy is not trained to endure and to bear trouble, he will grow up a girl; and a boy that is a girl has all a girl's weakness without any of her regal qualities. A woman made out of a woman is God's noblest work; a woman made out of a man is his meanest. A child rightly brought up will be like a willow branch which, broken off and touching the ground, at once takes root. Bring up your children so that they will root easily in their own soil, and not forever be grafted on your old trunk and boughs. — *Beecher.*

THELWALL thought it very unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinions before it had come to years of discretion to choose for itself. I showed him my garden, and told him it was my botanical garden.

"How so?" said he, "it is covered with weeds."

"Oh!" I replied, "it is because it has not yet come to years of discretion and choice. The weeds you see have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair to prejudice the soil toward roses and strawberries." — *Coleridge.*

"JERUSALEM was destroyed," says the Talmud, "because the education of the young was neglected."

THE YOUNG SOLDIERS.

WHAT a grand time these children are having! They are "playing soldier." Master Tommy leads off with his drum, little Charlie follows close after with his trumpet, and baby Susie joins in the sport, marching behind all with a wooden gun on her shoulder. They march through the front hall of the house, then into the parlor, then into the dining-room, and then into the hall again. The whole house rings with their noise. Carlo is delighted, and even the little wooden horse Susie is drawing after her carries his tail as though he enjoyed the fun.

We hope that these children will not only play soldier, but grow up to be real soldiers. By this we do not mean that we hope they will belong to a company of soldiers and march with guns on their shoulders. They may do this and yet be only "playing soldier" just as they are doing now. To be a true soldier one need not be dressed in a uniform, or carry a gun, or march to the sound of music; he only needs to be a brave and true man, always ready to defend what is right and oppose what is wrong. It often happens that as much manliness and courage are required to resist the temptations that beset us, and fight the evils there are in the world, and show that we are on the side of truth and goodness, whether others are or not, as to face an army with guns and swords.

SAYINGS OF JESUS AND ECHOES FROM WHITTIER.

A Concert Exercise.

By Mrs. George H. Witherle.

Voluntary by Choir.

Chanting Beatitudes.

Recitation.

Long centuries have passed away
  Since Jesus lived on earth:
The words he spoke, his life, his way,
  Have brightened many a hearth.

He gathered in one sheaf complete,
  From ages past, the pure and true;
The scattered blades of God's own wheat,
  And brought to *me* — to *you*.

And wheresoe'er in any heart
  His words have echo found,
There love, and joy, and peace have part,
  And heaven lies all around.

For kindly thoughts, and words, and deeds
  Make Heaven *now* and *here*,
And sow broadcast the fruitful deeds
  Of bliss in future sphere.

The *poet* oft has caught the sound
Of Jesus' words divine,
And made them echo all around
In sweet harmonious line.

And *one*, the *Quaker, more than all*,
To them attunes his verse;
And here to-night, we at your call
His echoes will rehearse.

READING.—"Our Master."

SAYINGS AND ECHOES.

I.

Therefore, if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.

What doth that holy guide require?
No rite of pain, nor gift of blood;
But man a holy brotherhood,
Looking where duty is desire,
To him the beautiful and good.

II.

And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and behold a beam is in thine own eye. Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.

Search thine own heart; what paineth thee
In others, in thyself may be.

III.

Ask, and it shall be given you: seek, and ye shall find: knock, and it shall be opened unto you: For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened. Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will ye give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish will ye give him a serpent? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him!

No prayer for light and guidance
Is lost upon His ear;
The child's cry in the darkness,
Doth not the Father hear?

IV.

The kingdom of God cometh not with observation: Neither shall they say, Lo here, or lo there! for behold, the kingdom of God is within you.

The stern behest of duty,
The doom-book open thrown,
The heaven ye seek, the hell ye fear,
Is with yourselves alone.

V.

Woman, believe me, the hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem worship the Father. But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is a Spirit; and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore;
God's love and blessing then and there,
Are *now*, and *here*, and *everywhere*.

VI.

It is more blessed to give than to receive.

For he who blesses, most is blest;
And God and man shall own his wor h
Who toils to leave, as his bequest,
An added beauty to the earth.

SINGING.

READING BY THE SUPERINTENDENT.

And he spake a parable unto them, saying, The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully: and he thought within himself saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits? And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say unto my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee; then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided? So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God.

READING.

Extracts from "My Soul and I."

SINGING.

SAYINGS AND ECHOES (Continued).

VII.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy: But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven; for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

The blue skies smile, and flowers bloom on,
And rivers still keep flowing;
The dear God still his rain and sun
On good and ill bestowing.

VIII.

Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But dim or clear, we own in thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way!

To do thy will is more than praise,
As words are less than deeds,
And simple trust can find thy ways
We miss with chart of creeds.

IX.

Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.

O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me except I drink it, thy will be done.

The dear God hears and pities all,
He knoweth all our wants;
And what we blindly ask of Him
His love withholds or grants.
And so, I sometimes think, our prayers
Might well be merged in one;
And nest and perch, and heart and church
Repeat, "Thy will be done."

X.

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you I will come again and receive you unto myself: that where I am, there ye may be also.

No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,
(Since He who knows our need is just)
That somel.ow, somewhere, meet we must.

XI.

For the son of man is come to save that which was lost. How think ye? If a man have an hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray? And if so be that he find it, verily I say unto you, he rejoiceth more of that sheep than of the ninety and nine which went not astray; even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little one should perish.

"Father of all," he urges his strong plea,
"Thou lovest all, Thy erring child may be
Lost to himself, but never lost to Thee.

"All souls are Thine; the wings of morning bear
None from Thy presence, which is everywhere;
Nor Hell itself can hide, since Thou art there."

RECITATION. — "The Well of Loch Marie."

RECITATION. — "Calef in Boston."

SINGING.

RECITATION. — "Mary Garvin."

REMARKS.

SINGING. — "Coronation."

THE BENEDICTION.

For The Dayspring.

WHAT THE MICROSCOPE TELLS.

BY ABBIE M. GANNETT.

"I CAN'T find my slate, and it's almost nine o'clock. Help me, Stella!"

"Dear me! I guess you'll find it in time, Artie."

Stella hurried away, leaving her brother to search for the missing article alone. It was five minutes of nine before he found it; then he ran every step of the way to school, and came panting in; but he had gotten a tardy mark, and now he received a reproof from his teacher.

At noon he complained to his mother because Stella had not helped him.

"Dear me! what a *little* thing to find fault about," said his sister, putting on her wraps.

"I'm Thursday; give me some water, Stella," cried the three-years-old baby.

"O you funny baby; why don't you say you are Friday or Saturday?" Yet she made no motion to wait upon her little sister.

"Give baby some water, Stella," said their mother.

"You do it, mother; it is such a little thing." Away she hurried.

When she came in, at four o'clock, her mother was mending socks; just then a visitor was announced.

"Stella, there is n't much to be done; won't you finish these?"

Mrs. Steele went into the parlor, leaving her work-basket by her Stella's side. Stella took up one of the baby's socks.

"Dear me! what a mite of a hole! it 's of no consequence." She lifted the other socks, and threw them back into the basket. They had such little holes they were not worth mending.

She got her box of colors, and was busy painting when her mother came back.

"The socks all mended? Thank you, Stella."

"O mother, you don't mind if I did n't mend those little holes!"

Stella went on with her painting, and her mother, saying no more, began to finish the socks. About half an hour after both were startled by Arthur's loud crying, as he came in from out-doors. Mrs. Steele has-

tened to him, while Stella began to wring her hands, and cry "Oh. dear, oh, dear!" just as she always did when anything had happened to her brother. But soon she commanded herself, and joined her mother to see what was the matter. It appeared that Arthur, while playing ball, had been struck in his eye; and he was evidently suffering severely.

"Let me help you," cried Stella. She ran for water and for soft linen, that her mother might bathe his eye; then she got a handkerchief to be tied over it. As Arthur still continued to feel the pain, she wheeled up a large easy-chair, and tried to make him comfortable in it.

"What shall I do to make you forget the ache?" she asked.

"Read," said Arthur.

Stella got one of his favorite books. It was about plant-life. Soon both were deeply interested in it, and Arthur almost forgot his ache.

"How I should like to see the plant-cells under the microscope!" said Stella, at length, looking up from the book.

"I have seen them," said Arthur. "One day when I was in Professor Green's study he showed me a melon leaf under his microscope. You know the honey-comb? The cells looked much like that, only they were roundish or oval, instead of six-sided. They were filled with green juice that looked almost transparent. It was a very beautiful sight."

"Are the cells perfect?" asked Mrs. Steele.

"Every one," replied Arthur; "that is what makes them so beautiful."

"Do you know what I am thinking of, Stella?" asked Mrs. Steele, smiling.

"No, mamma."

"Why, that our own lives, in order to be beautiful, must be perfect in *little* things, like the plants. If the flower were not perfect in all its parts, it would be no longer a flower, but an unsightly thing we would wish to put away from us. Even if with imperfect cells it could be made to appear well-formed, we should still keep thinking it was not what it seemed, and so it would lose its chief beauty. In each of our lives, if we do our *little* things well, after the beautiful pattern of the plants, we shall succeed in becoming beautiful as they are; but if we only do the more important things well, — just as you have just done your duty towards Arthur in his accident, — we shall be like a plant that has only produced a fine color or fragrance.

"My dear, I am going to buy a microscope for you and Arthur; and when you look at the perfect little plant-cells, I want you to think, 'I must pattern my life after these; I must be perfect in *little* things.'"

"An idler's like a watch that wants both hands;
As useless when it goes as when it stands."

Cowper.

For The Dayspring.

ENTOMOLOGICAL ALPHABET.

X.

In Algebra X, Y, and Z
Are Unknown Quantities, all three;
But in our Insect Alphabet,
A place and meaning each must get.
'T is well one, only, at a time,
Has to be fitted to our rhyme;
So we will just put on our *specs*,
And see what can be done with X.

Some think the various trades men drive,
They from the animals derive.
The Nautilus, for instance, gave
A hint to man to sail the wave;
The Beaver and the busy Bee
Are builders, too, as well as he;
And Wasp and Hornet both do fine
Work in the paper-making line;
There is a class of insects, too,
That work in wood as carpenters do:
Xylophaga (Wood-eaters); these
Bore through the leaves and bark of trees;
They cut deep holes their eggs to lay,
The sap is checked, — the trees decay.
No plea but instinct can they give,
And wood must die that worms may live.
Perhaps these Saw-flies could explain
Why in so many a field and lane,
The Button-woods that once were seen
With their broad leaves, so tall and green,
In which New England had such pride,
All withered long ago and died.
It seems a cruel thing, but these
Are some of Nature's mysteries.

And now we needs must end our song,
For Life is short and Art is long.
Of many arts beneath the sun,
The art of being short is one.
The days are growing short; the year
Gives token that its end is near;
So does our Alphabet, and we
Must save our strength for Y and Z.

B. C. T.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

I will cultivate humility and courage to do right. I will deny myself whatever conscience forbids, will be fair, honest, truthful, loving, and patient, open to conviction and new truths. I will eat and drink only what will make me well and strong; be a comfort at home and attentive at school. I will be social and generous to my companions, and trustworthy in business. I will be active in some religious society, public spirited, and patriotic. I will do all the good I can, especially to the unfortunate.

W. G. B.

THE TWO ROGUES.

EMMA and Etta loved dearly to play with water. So fond were they of playing with it, that they seemed more like goslings than girls. If they went into the kitchen, they were sure to go to the sink, turn the faucet, and let the water run, so that they might play with it. If they went into the bath-room, they were sure to set both the hot and cold water a-running into the tub, and then play with it. If they saw a puddle on their way to school, they were in high glee, and would be sure to wade through it at least two or three times. Nothing delighted them so much as to go to school on a rainy day. They would put on their gossamer cloaks and rubber boots, and away they would go, as happy as though they were little ducks. Whenever it happened that there was no school on account of rain, they were sadly disappointed; for, although they did not like school very well, they were willing to go there for the sake of being out in the rain.

One rainy day, when there was no school, their mother was obliged to go out on some errands. Before she left she cautioned her little daughters not to play with water, nor go out in the rain. But she had hardly got out of sight before they began to think what a nice chance they would have for some fun out of doors.

"Won't we have a good time *now?*" said Emma.

"Oh, see the spout run!" said Etta; "won't we have a grand time with that?"

"Would n't it be nice to play there with our bare feet?" said Emma.

This was no sooner said than done. The two naughty girls pulled off their shoes and stockings, and went out of doors in the rain, with nothing on their heads. They held their bare feet under the spout, and perhaps found it to be fun while they were doing it, but soon after learned that it was fun that had cost them dear. They played at the spout until they were all chilled through, and then went into the house and put on their stockings and shoes again. They did this before their mother came back, but she found out what mischief they had been in, and forbade their having any preserves, or anything else but bread and water for their supper that night.

This was severe punishment, for they loved preserves dearly; but it was not their worst punishment. Both of them caught so bad a cold that it was thought for some time that the doctor would have to be called. As it was, their mother had to doctor them with mustard plasters and other unpleasant things, and they were too sick to go to their cousin's birthday party, which was a fine affair that they had looked forward to for a long time.

For The Dayspring.

TAKING ADVANTAGE OF A FALL.

BY EGBERT L. BANGS.

BOYS who do not spend their time in reading dime novels have doubtless heard of William the Norman. Stories drawn from history are abundant now, and in all libraries there are many books that tell about great men. So it cannot be possible that anybody who reads good books has failed to learn something about William of Normandy. He must not be confounded with William the Silent, whom General Grant is supposed by some to resemble.

Now Normandy was the home of Duke William, but he had heard of a little island that since his day has become the wonder of the world; and he resolved to go with his soldiers and conquer that island. He did conquer it, and thus won for himself the title of William the Conqueror.

But a little circumstance happened to him that will never be forgotten, simply because he was a great man. Suppose you should stub your toe and fall down. Who

would know anything about it a week after? But William the Conqueror, just as he landed to take possession of the island, stumbled and fell to the ground. People were very superstitious in those days, and they thought a fall meant bad luck. If William's soldiers had really believed that luck was against him, they would not have fought very bravely with that idea in their minds. But William was as cunning as he was brave. So, as he fell, he exclaimed with a loud voice, "Thus do I take possession of the country." That would now seem a funny way to take possession of a country. But remember this: in those days there were no written deeds given when land was sold, as they are now. The man who sold land used to give the one who bought it a twig or a clod of earth to show that he delivered possession to him, and that was called "livery of seisin." A soldier who saw William fall ran up and handed him a bunch of straw from the roof of a hut, and then his Norman soldiers raised a great shout, for they verily thought he had fallen on purpose to take possession of the country. So what seemed to be a misfortune, he cunningly turned into a sign of good luck.

Now it is a great thing to know how to take advantage of the falls we get. Few persons have the opportunity to conquer a whole country as William the Norman did, but to every human being there is given a territory that it would be a glorious thing for him to conquer. That country does not lie by the sea as England does. It is a little spot with but one inhabitant; yet the Bible says that he who conquers this little spot, so that he can rule over it, is better than he that taketh a city. That little spot has five gates of entry. They are usually open even to comers that have no business there.

Where and what is the spot that each person ought to conquer? Is it an island, a cape, a promontory, or a headland? Well, it is not only a headland, but a heartland. It is "*myself;*" and myself is no easy spot to reduce to peace and hold as a conquered territory. Stand guard at Eye Gate for a day, and see how many times you will be caught tripping. You will see and will wish for a good many things that you ought not to have. Ear Gate will let in a world of nonsense and worse than nonsense, and you will fall into many temptations, do the best you can. All the gates of your being need to be guarded. But whether you fall once, as William the Norman did, or a thousand times, keep trying; and when you have really conquered yourself you will have done more than the Norman William did when he conquered England.

AIR is a dish that one feeds on every minute; therefore it ought always to be fresh.

SELF-DENIAL leads to the most exalted pleasures; and the conquest of evil habits is the most glorious triumph.

HUMOROUS.

WHERE to go when short of money. Go to work.

THE largest room in the world, — the room for improvement.

NEVER tell your secrets in a corn-field, for it has a thousand ears.

THE remark was made to a child that she was left-handed. "No," she answered, "I am *both* handed."

A LITTLE boy of four years hearing his mother asked how old he was, answered, "I'm not *old*, I'm *new*."

"MAMMA," asked a little girl, "why is it they sing in church, 'We'll dine no more,' and then go right home and dine."

"CAPTAIN SILK has just arrived in the city," said a gentleman.

"What a name for a soldier," said a lady. "The best in the world," rejoined the gentleman; "for *silk* can never be *worsted*."

A DANDY said to an old lady at a fruit stand, "These apples are not fit for a hog to eat." "Try one and see," said the woman.

A LITTLE girl who was sent out to look for eggs came back unsuccessful, and complained that "there were lots of hens standing around doing nothing."

A WAG, seeing a door nearly off its hinges (in which condition it had been for some time), observed that when it had fallen and killed some one, it would probably be hung.

A BOY'S composition on girls: "Girls is the only folks that have their own way every time. Girls are of several thousand kinds, and sometimes one girl can be like several thousand girls if she wants to do anything."

A PLATE of apples was being passed round a party of children. There was a fine red one at the top, which a little girl took. "How greedy you are," said her next neighbor, "to take the largest! *I meant* to have had that."

A LECTURER once prefaced his discourse upon the rhinoceros with "I must beg you to give me your undivided attention. Indeed, it is absolutely impossible that you can form a true idea of the hideous animal of which we are about to speak unless you keep your eyes fixed on me!"

A GENTLEMAN was surprised to see his little daughter bring home from the Sunday-school library a grave treatise on "Backsliding." "My child," said he, "this is too old for you: you can't make anything out of it." — "I know it, papa," was the reply. "But I thought I could when I took it: I thought it would teach me how to slide backward."

Teachers' Department.

THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE.

One of the largest and best meetings of the National Conference at Saratoga was that on Thursday evening, when the subject for consideration was the Religious Education of the Young. Mr. William H. Baldwin, of Boston, presided, the Secretary of the Sunday-School Society read a report, and excellent addresses were made by Rev. E. A. Horton, Rev. S. R. Calthrop, Rev. Brooke Herford, and Rev. Robert Collyer. Although the meeting was held at the close of a busy and fatiguing day, and lasted until nearly ten o'clock, the whole vast audience remained until the end. The meeting was a decided success and highly encouraging to the friends of the Sunday-school cause.

The following resolution reported by the Business Committee was unanimously adopted by the Conference: —

Resolved, That, to enable the Sunday-School Society to meet its obligations in the faithful performance of its great work, the sum of $5,000 should be annually contributed to its treasury; and our churches are urged regularly to set apart a Sunday in each year for raising funds for this purpose.

This resolution has the right ring to it, and we trust will be favorably acted upon without delay by every Unitarian parish.

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society will be held at Framingham, Wednesday and Thursday, October 18 and 19. The order of exercises will be as follows: Wednesday, 7.30 P.M., Sermon by Rev. Brooke Herford. Thursday, 8.30 A.M., Conference Meeting, led by Rev. J. H. Heywood; subject, "What Parents can and ought to do for the Religious Education of the Young." 9.30, Address by the President, Reports of the Secretary and Treasurer, and general business. 10.30, Essay by Rev. Francis Tiffany, on "What and How Much can Practically be Attempted in the Sunday-school;" discussion. 12.30 P.M., Collation; 2, Essay by Rev. C. W. Wendte, on "Festival Days in Church and Sunday-school;" discussion. 4.15, adjournment.

The Unitarian society in Framingham cordially extends its hospitality to ministers, superintendents, teachers, and members of the Sunday-School Society. *All who wish to go to Framingham Wednesday afternoon and stop over night will please notify Rev. Charles A. Humphreys, before Tuesday, October* 17, *stating the train upon which they expect to come.* Trains leave Boston for Framingham at 4.30, 5.30, and 6 P.M; at 7 A.M. for Framingham *and way stations;* at 8.30 for South Framingham, where a special train will be ready for Framingham. The usual free return tickets can be obtained of the Secretary.

SELF-INQUIRIES FOR TEACHERS.

Have I informed my scholars what reverence means, and how beautiful is a life of prayer and praise, of appreciation of the beautiful and the good, of gratitude and trust?

Have I pictured to them the odiousness of self-conceit and arbitrary power, which prevent the proud from reverencing anything but themselves?

Are they familiar with the parable of the "Pharisee and publican who went up to the temple to pray"?

Have I explained to them the necessity of controlling our appetites and passions, lest they drive us into habits of lust, gluttony, drunkenness, and wrath? Do they realize how full our jails and prisons are of young criminals, who never practised self-control?

Have my scholars all made up their minds to "bid passion serve and reason rule"?

Have I taught them to give every one a good chance, to hold the scales of justice, without prejudice, without partiality?

Have I cultivated in them a sense of equality and fair-play, bidding them to be perfectly honest and upright, without cheating, without running into debt, and always hearing both sides?

Have I taught them that "nothing but truth before God's throne with honor can appear," that to be what we seem, and never to seem what we are not, to be sincere and truthful and transparent, to mean what we say and say what we mean, to deal with realities and not with shams, is an essential virtue?

Am I setting them an example of sincerity, and freedom from thoughtless gossip and detraction?

Have I convinced them that selfishness is death, and doing good to others is life? The parables of "the good Samaritan" and of "the last judgment" illustrate the virtue of love. Are my scholars interested in benevolent societies, and in private charities of their own; or are they all the time seeking their own pleasure and comfort, not taking turns with others in their pleasures and chances? Are they aware of the immense difference between a life of usefulness and a life of selfishness?

Have I talked with my scholars on purity of thought, motive, feeling, and actions?

What have I told my children about patience or a quiet bearing of the trials and troubles of life?

Have I taught my scholars that unending progress toward perfection is our being's end and aim, that industry and diligence are forever to be exercised? — *W. G. B., in The Christian Register.*

The "Dayspring" can gradually be made into a book, as it comes to you, month by month, by getting a *Common-Sense Binder.* One of these Binders, large enough to hold the "Dayspring" for two years, can be had at the office of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society for 50 cents.

PREPARATION FOR TEACHING.

NOTHING comes of nothing. For success in teaching, there must be conscientious *special* preparation. It will not do to trust to any amount of general familiarity with the subject. A careful study of the lesson is as important for the teacher as for the scholar. Without it, with perhaps rare exceptions, the recitation will be found dry and unproductive of any spiritual quickening, or even of much technical knowledge. You cannot long retain the respect of your class if you are doubtful and hesitating in explanations which a little careful examination of proper authorities would put you in possession of. You are not expected to settle all doubts; but you can at least meet them with such light as may be obtained by taking a little pains. — *Selected.*

AFTER VACATION.

IF there has been a summer vacation in your class, or in your Sunday-school, now is the time to show its effect. If the vacation was all loss, it is high time that you started to regain some of its waste. If it really had its advantages, let them now appear. There are those who insist that a Sunday-school vacation is worse than lost time. Some of this sort of persons are now watching your charge in proof of their assertion. There are others, however, who think that there is a gain in freshness and power in letting go, once in a while, for a new start. If you are of that number, you have a responsibility to make good your claim in that line. — *Sunday-School Times.*

A HARVEST SERVICE.

THE Unitarian Sunday-School Society has recently published "A Service of Thanksgiving for the Harvest," prepared by Rev. C. W. Wendte. It is designed for a union service of the congregation and Sunday-school (though capable of being used by either alone), and contains appropriate Scripture Responses, Prayer, Hymns, and Carols, together with an accompanying sheet of Notes and Suggestions. Price, $2.00 a hundred; $1.00 a half hundred; for less than half a hundred, 3 cents each.

A DOUBLE NUMBER AGAIN.

WE give this month another double, or sixteen-page, number. We think our readers will agree with us in the opinion that it is a decided improvement on our eight-page numbers. We hope to be able, before long, to give sixteen pages every month, and improve the quality of the cuts and reading matter as much in proportion as we increase the paper in size. To this end, will not all the friends of the "Dayspring" use their influence to increase our subscription list, and swell the amount of donations to the Sunday-School Society?

MANUALS

PUBLISHED BY THE

UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY,

7 Tremont Place, Boston.

Special attention is directed to the manuals in the following list marked with an asterisk (*).

A QUESTION BOOK ON THE LIFE OF JESUS. By Rev. S. H. WINKLEY. $1.25 per dozen.

BIBLE LESSONS ON CHRISTIAN LIFE AND FAITH. $2.00 per dozen.

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TERMS. — *Twenty-five cents* a year where four or more copies are sent to one address; *Thirty-five cents*, where less than four copies are sent.

University Press: John Wilson & Son, Cambridge.